

services in his home. He baptized a lot of members in the Spanish Fork River.

After John Samuel moved from Sheep Creek, his daughter Mary's family, moved into his home and church services continued to be held there.

Another family that settled in Sheep Creek was Frank Albert Jones Lewis and family. They had a large family. They made a living by cutting timbers for the sawmills, and cutting native cedars for fence posts which they sold in Spanish Fork. They had a farm where they raised dry wheat. They raised a garden and preserved food in salt brine, such as fish and wild game.

Their children are--Mary Laura, Cecil Ann, Adelia, Berta, Frank Lewis, Grace, LaRhea, and Jack Rudd.

The John Fox Warner Sr., who was a farmer settled in Sheep Creek. He married Annie Elizabeth Holt. Their children were--Elsie Ann Warner, who married Ernest Verry Keele; John Fox Jr., who married Ardell Perry; Jesse Payton, who married (1) Josephine Roundy (2) Thelma Nesbit (3) Ida Holmes White (4) Ida Mae Potter Daniels; Almira, who married Courtney Chase Featherstone; William David, who married Mable Wilson; Ruby, who married Harvey Miles Bradford.

John Fox Warner Jr. and wife Ardell, were also residents of the area. He was a school teacher. Their children are--Annie Warner Born 20 Mar 1915, died 21 Mar 1915; Perry, who married Marcia Elaine Finlayson; Louis Gerald, who died at three months; Leora, who married Max "C" Francom;

Della, who married Merl Lynn Elmer; Ray Donald, who married Myrl Gardner; Leo Morgan, who married Cliftona Bonnie Wilde; Ruth Elda, who married Alfred Petrucci; Orlean, who married William George Nevers; Ronald Lynn, Who married Jo Ann Pennington; Betty Jean, who married Clyde Martin Peters;

The family of Clarence Edgar Dansie and wife Grace Jones, lived at Sheep Creek. Their children are--Robert Clarence, married Evelyn Marlene Jones; John Wallace, married Priscilla Jean Holm; Donald Edgar, married Laurel Jean Lowe; LaMonte Jones, married Marjorie Perry; Eva Mae, married Richard Boyd Leavitt; Clinton DeVone, married Anne Coffin; Grace Laura, married Keith LaMont Hansen; Berta Lou, married Edwin Nelson Holt; Randle "J", married (1) Sharon Marie Warner(div) (2) (3) Phylis Walbeck McGee;



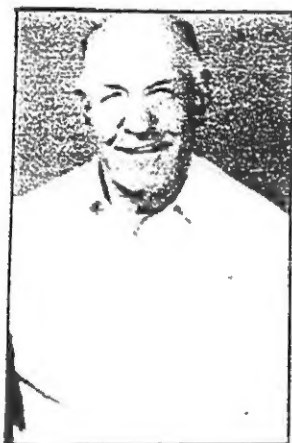
The Homestead of John Samuel and Mary Jane Harris Warner Lewis.



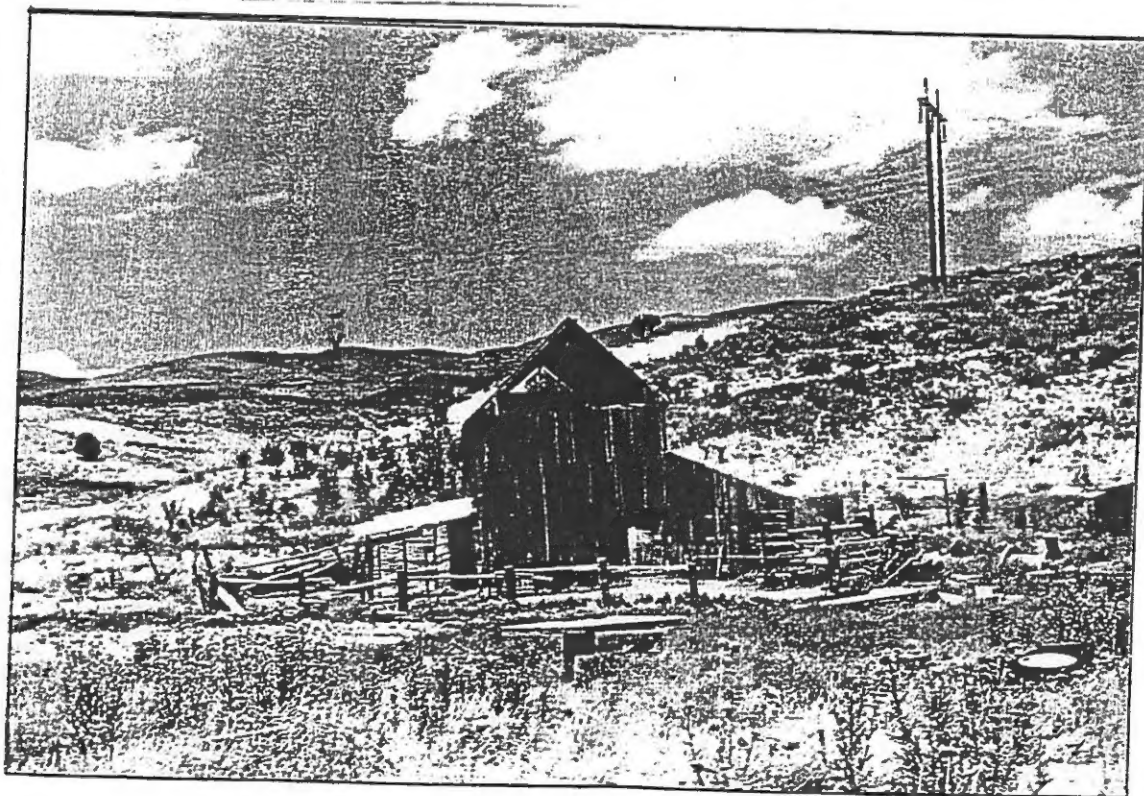
John Samuel Lewis &  
Mary Jane Harris Warner

Frank Albert Jones  
Mary Percilla Lewis Jones

Clarence  
Edgar  
Dansie



Grace  
Jones  
Dansie



The Lewis Jones Dansie barn at Sheep Creek



## DAIRY FORK

Dairy Fork is south of Sheep Creek. The road crosses the railroad tracks and a bridge over the creek.

The following families lived there--David Alexander, Stan Vincent and son Willard, Dan Chapple and John H. Koyle. Koyle's daughter, Lucille said she was five years old when they moved to Idaho. But she remembers the canyon very well, the water at Red Narrows, The rattle snakes she was afraid of and even the treat of her favorite food, pork and beans.

In Dairy Fork, Allen B. Williams owns 80 acres of land, altho he never lived there. It was formerly owned by his father-in-law, Neil L. Gardner.

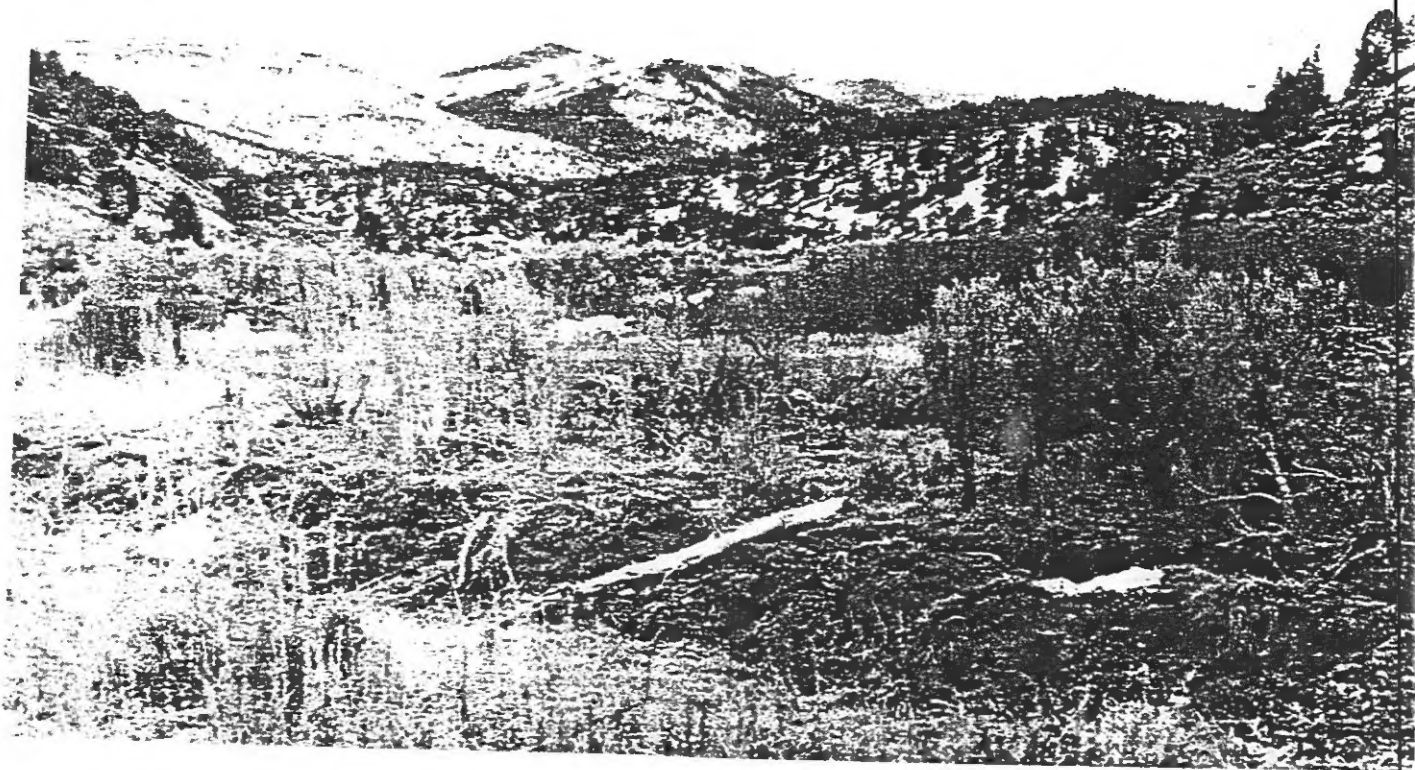
Mog Warner lived at Mog Hollow, and it was named after him.

There has always been a family discussion about grandfather's Dairy Fork homestead of 80 acres. I Allen B. Williams have tried in vain to get the land so that it could be leased, sold, or used.

But Delila's sisters children were impossible to do buisness with, except two, who gave us a quit claim deed. But that was not enough to satisfy interested people. I believe every ones concern was due to the fact that some company had drilled a well about a mile from this property hoping to strike oil, but all they got was water with a slight skim of oil over it. So I decided there was only one way to get a title to the property, and that was to

let it go delinquent. So I did.

Our plan is to sell it to the Forest Service as they have been using it for the past 50-75 years.



Dairy Fork Canyon.

## MILL FORK

There was a school at Mill Fork. Professor Ed.M.Rowe  
taught school there. All of the Lewis children, as well  
as the Beagley, Warner, Elliott, and others went to school  
there. The schoolhouse burned down. Houge Atwood was thought  
to be the one who set fire to the school, so he wouldn't  
have to go to school.

At Berta Chambers funeral, Johnny Warner told of when  
they went to school their mother gave them a bucket of  
milk, and then wrapped pieces of bread, to break up and  
put in the milk, and that was their lunch.

There is a cemetery at Mill Fork where Paris(or Paddy)  
Ballard and his wife Viola, are buried. Paddy Ballard shot  
his wife at Salt Lake City and they were brought back to  
Mill Fork for burial.

Homesteaders Dick Beagley and his wife are buried at  
Mill Fork. Charlie the trapper lived at Mill Fork. Bert  
Chadwich, who was a friend to all, lived between Mill Fork  
and Tie Fork on the north side of the highway. Mill Fork,  
west of Tie Fork was named because of the lumber mills  
and charcoal kilns that were operated there.

Because of the many canyon names, they will be listed  
in order by Allen B. Williams, who lived there and remebers  
them all very well. 1.Chicken Hollow, 2.Long Hollow, 3.Rough  
Hollow, 4.Knoll Hollow, and 5.Tank Hollow, both on highway  
6 & 50. 6.Sheep Creek, 7.Water Hollow, 8.Heslington or



Lille Garner, 9.Little Garner Canyon, 10.Rubbing Bed, where the lithograph mines are, 12.Tie Fork, and 13.Indian Canyon. All these are drainage to the south, except Indian Canyon, which drains east to the White River draenage.

An important addition to the Spanish Fork Canyon history was Chris Nelson who sold produce to the people. When he first started, he had a team of horses and a wagon. Later, he owned an Oldsmobile Chain driven truck. The following is an authentic account by Mae Hales, a daughter of Chris Nelson when he began peddling in Spanigh Fork Canyon.

He went to Thistle and Tucker when the round house for the railroad was there. He took off from Tucker and went up Starvation Canyon, where he would camp by the creek for the night, then on to Scofield the next day, then to Winter Quarters and Clear Creek. These were all coal mining towns.

Many of the men working in the coal mines were from the old country--Austrain, Greek, Italian, Welch, and others. They had worked in the mines of their own countries before coming to America.

Chris trusted them, and they trusted him, and all enjoyed the food products he sold.

One night while Chris was camped by the creek, a beaver dam broke during the night and flooded his camp out. He had a hard time finding the road. The flood had covered the road and everything in its path. All the roads were dirt and in very poor condition.

Chris enjoyed all the people in the Spanish Fork Canyon. He sold to people at Thistle, Tie Fork, Tucker, and to all the families along the route.

Qyote: I can remember how busy Monday nights were at our home. A lot of people would bring produce and fruit to sell to Dad, and we would all be helping to get his truck packed. He had a big ice box to hold the fresh meat. My job was to wash it every night before he left for the canyon. When Dad would come home, we would all run to meet him. I remember going with him once a year and we would stop all along the way. People would come out to the truck, and get what they needed, and I loved to go with him.

I only remember a few names of the people, such as Williams, Jones, Pace, Lewis and Elliott.

If bad weather overtook Chris on the way, these people would take him for the night and give him breakfast.

One day, a lady came running to his truck and asked if he had any dry onions, He said, "Yes". She said, "Why don't you water them?"

Chris had a good relationship with most everyone in the canyon.

Later on, he purchased a big truck which had a canvas cover over the top and an ice box in the truck bed for the fresh meat.

After Soldier Summit was completed, Chris changed his route. He went to Thistle, then up Spanish Fork Canyon, on to Colton, and over to Schofield, Winter Quarters and



Clear Creek. After he started this route, he stayed in Soldier Summit with Roy Morrison, or the Parley Bills family. He was good friends with Andy Pappus, who bought vegetables from Chris and made pickled vegetables and eggs which were very good.

In scofield, he stayed at Stahelis boarding house and had meals there.

The Tom Biggs family were very good to him and true friends.

A lady named Mary in Scofield had Chris save blood from the animals butchered. She would use it to make blood pudding.

When flour and different foods were rationed during the war and depression, these people would trade their white flour to Chris for his brown flour. This helped both families out.

The people in Scofield caught beautiful big fish in Scofield Reservoir. They would trade fish to Chris for fresh beef pork, lamb and veal.

When the electric power line was put through Spanish Fork Canyon, Chris owned several teams of horses. He hired men to drive them, and helped build the power line which was high on the mountain side. It was very dangerous work.

Chris sent two teams of horses to build the grade for railroad tracks that went into Scofield near the mines.

Chris was a very good friend of Scottie at the wax mines just outside of Soldier Summit. Scottie was alone and spent his later years in the Old Folks Home at Provo.

Chris kept in touch with him.

When the mine was closed, Chris bought a team of mules and a wagon with a spring seat on it. His boys thought this was great.

Dad told us when the bad depression was on, during the 30's, some of the people in Spanish Fork Canyon and on to Scofield didn't have enough money to get food for their family. Dad let them have what they wanted on credit. He said it took some of the people a long time to get up financially, but he was paid every dollar that was owed to him. He thought those people he dealt with were the finest and most honest people in the world.

Dad butchered the pigs, veal, lambs and beef. He had a nice building we called the meat house. After the animals were all cleaned, he hung them up in this building. He had big meat cutting blocks, then he would cut the meat up and it was ready to put in the ice box.

Dad owned a farm and hired Mr. Warren to run it for him. He raised a lot of vegetables, corn, potatoes and grain that he would truck up the canyon.

When his sons were old enough, they did the farming and we all helped harvest the vegetables and fruit, then washed and brushed vegetables. We put tomatoes in layers in the lug sized boxes. Dad also had raspberries and fruit trees. He purchased all kinds of fruit and vegetables from Salem farmers and did a lot of purchasing from the Spanish Fork Co-Op Store.

Dad owned ten lots on Soldier Summit, built homes on them, which he rented.

Dad was born 10 March 1888, in paareys, Viborg, Denmark. He came to Utah with his family when he was six years of age. He passed away 5 Nov. 1955 at Pason Hospital, at age 67. The family were converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Chris Nelson married Dottie Joannah Tiffany in the Salt Lake Temple.

He is survived by Mae N. Hales, LaVern N. Higginson, Frank Nelson, Clark Nelson, of Spanish Fork and Salem, Utah.

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#### EDSON WILLIAM ELLIOTT Family

Edson William Elliott and his wife, Mary Ellen Atwood, lived in Mill Fork Canyon between 1886 and 1902. They were the parents of eight children---Charlotte Cornelia(Lottie), Edson LeRoy, Elmer Ray, Asborn(Ozzie), Maude, Myrtle, Clara Louisa, and Mary Melissa.

They had formerly lived in Salem, Castle Gate, Kyune, and Scofield. Edson was Section Forman for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. When his work took him to the Mill Fork area, he remained with the D&RGW and also took up homesteading for about the next 18 years untill the children were grown and on their own. They gave up the homestead and moved to Castle Gate where Edson was hired as carpenter outside the mine. He was given a temporary job, inside the mine, untill the carpentry position became available.



Nine days before he was to take over the carpenter job, he was carrying out his underground duties when he was struck by a speeding, mine Trip (a string of empty coal cars). He was hit by the first car and seven others passed over him. His body derailed the eighth one, stopping the Trip. The impact had thrown his mine hat into the first car. When his body was <sup>removed</sup> from the wreckage, they found his railroad pocket watch deeply embedded in his cheek. It had stopped the instant he was killed, the crystal wasn't even broken. The imprint of the watch was still in his cheek when he was buried.

At the time of Edson's death, 6 October 1908, many Mill Fork homesteaders had already moved away, and they continued to do so until there was no longer a community there.

The three youngest Elliott children were born at Mill Fork--Myrtle, Clara Louise and Mary Melissa. These three little girls, along with their father Edson, and his granddaughter, (Lottie's baby) are all buried in the Mill Fork Cemetery.

#### **ELMER RAY ELLIOTT**

Was born 20 September 1888 at Castle Gate, Carbon County, Utah. The third of eight children born to Edson William and Mary Ellen Atwood Elliott. Elmer Ray spent about twelve of his early life at Mill Fork, from the age of six or seven until he was a young man of twenty.

(James Osmond (Ozzie), Elmer Ray's brother, explained



EDSON WILLIAM ELLIOTT

D&RGW - Section Forman.

Homesteader - Mill Fork Canyon.

Buried in the Mill Fork Cemetery.



MARY ELLEN ATWOOD

wife of

Edson William Elliott

Mother of 8 - last 3 born, died  
and buried at Mill Fork Cemetery.



ELMER RAY ELLIOTT

3rd child of

Edson W. & Mary Ellen A. Elliott - Reared on homestead in Mill Fork Canyon.

life in the canyon as follows)

We had plenty of water from two canyons. We run from 40 to 60 head of cattle. We raised our own pork. Mother always had a bunch of turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens. We had any kind of meat the year round. Once a week, we boys would go hunting pinehens. In the winter time, up through those willow bottoms along the river, there used to be lots of cotton-tails.

To look at Mill Fork now, you couldn't believe what it used to be like in the early 1900's. The willows and sage brush have grown over where there used to be alfalfa and wheat fields.

We could raise big beautiful potatoes along the river flats. Our big old barn, surrounded by a nice alfalfa field, used to set right where the highway is now. The road was near the railroad tracks. It was just a wagon trail at that time. The schoolhouse was just above the old Lewis place, on the north side of the road. All that is left of it now (1968) is the foundation. The cemetery was located in one corner of a big alfalfa field.

At the time of Dad's death there was still a few ranchers homesteading in the canyon. Some had moved away before we did. They just kept moving away as the opportunity presented itself,

untill they all left. Dad and Mother moved from the canyon because we kids grew up and went our own way, that left them to care for everything themselves. Besides, Dad was



still working on the railroad, and it got so they couldn't handle it all. This is when Dad took the job offered him at Castle Gate, and they moved back there.

I can't remember a time when I was a kid that we didn't have an orphan or two in our home with us. Just little waifs that would come by, and my folks would take them in, clean them up and get them good clothing. (end of Ozzie's comments)

(This next portion of Elmer Ray's history was given to daughter Betty E.Hartley, by his wife Flossie) quote-

"When Ray was just little (pre-school age) he contracted scarlet fever. A large abscess formed just under his ear. He was taken to a doctor who lanced it, but in doing so the ear drum was broken, leaving him hard of hearing, which proved to be a most trying handicap to him for the rest of his life. Besides carrying an ugly scar the full length of his neck it kept him from progressing in school as fast as his classmates, until one teacher recognized his learning ability, and the fact that what he could hear he could understand, and took a personal interest in him. This teacher, Mr. Hyrum Southworth, came to stay at the Elliott home while he taught school at Mill Fork. This provided an excellent opportunity for him to understand Ray's problem and afforded the place and time for the extra help Ray needed. At school, Mr Southworth would explain to the class what he wanted them to do, then he would take time to explain the same thing to Ray, personally, so he

could hear and understand. In this manner, Ray was able to keep up with his classmates, and finished the eight years of schooling provided at Mill Fork.

Up untill the time Mr. Southworth came to teach at Mill Fork, Ray had met with all sorts of abuse from previous teachers. If he would seek their help after they had explained to the class, they would only make an ugly remark, such as, "If you would clean your ears out, you could hear the first time." or they would keep him after school and make him write over and over and over again what they wanted him to know. Needless to say, Ray held this special teacher in the highest esteem, and remembered him fondly throughout his life. He reiterated his gratitude for Mr. Southworth whenever the opportunity permitted".

(End of quote)

A tragedy remembered:

One day at the homestead, Ray was unloading 100 pound sacks of grain from a wagon. He had just lifted a sack of grain to his shoulder, and was unaware that his little sister Myrtle, had come up behind him, he tripped over her and the heavy grain fell on her. She couldn't recover from the injuries and died as a result of them. The pain remained with Ray always.

Another experience told by Ray:

One night when Ray was gathering stay cattle along a narrow wooded trail, a mountain lion jumped out of the bushes. With Ray still in the saddle, the lion buried its

claws in the horses neck, tearing the flesh into a gapping wound. The horse bolted, throwing the lion free. Ray held tightly to the saddle horn and dropped the reins. The horse took him all the way home on a dead run.

The horse recovered, and so did Ray. "But", He said, "I was so scared that I wasn't conscious of the horse taking me home."

He was 10 or 12 years old at the time.

Ray remembers times when his father was Section Forman at Mill Fork, when storms or cloud bursts would cause land slides, or avalanches of heavy snow that would cover the railroad tracks. Ray and his brother would go with their Dad to help stop the oncoming trains from running into the slides.

One of the boys would sit on top of the slide with a coaloil lantern, the other would be sent up the track with another lantern, and thier Dad would go in the other direction with another lantern. Each swinging the lanterns, hoping the engineer would see their signal in time to avoid a train wreck. Ray recalled how dark the night would be, the miserable pouring rain and the long wait for the train to be stopped, and what a wonderful feeling it was to be back in a warm home and dry clothing again.

Ray said that like all families, they had to work hard, and they experienced their share of tragedies, but most of their life at Mill Fork was fun filled and happy, and everyone in the canyon became special lifelong friends.



## MILL FORK CEMETERY

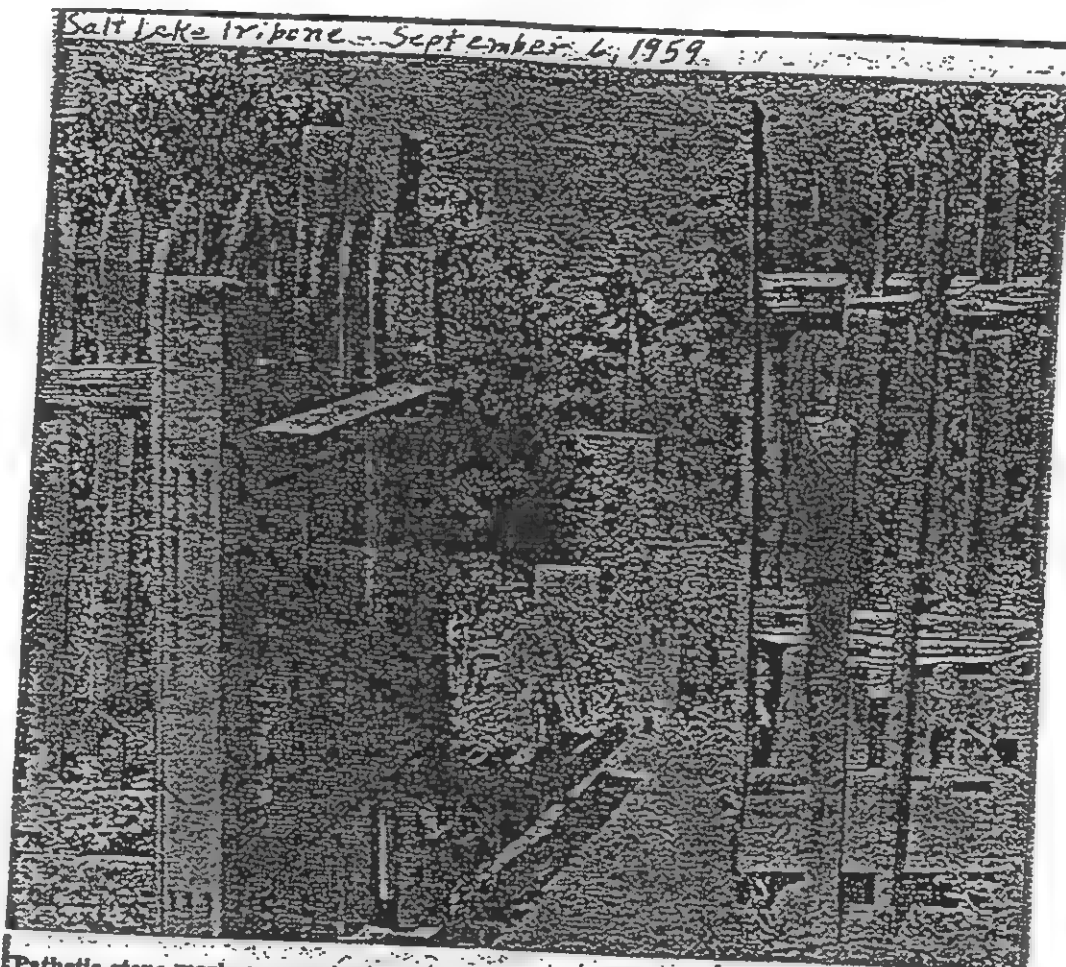
Around 1890 when the first burials took place, the area around the cemetery was a rather level flat land, with gradual slope toward the river. Those early folks planted lilac starts around the graves that have grown wild all these years, and the erosion around the little cemetery has left it high on the mountain side. (by Ozzie Elliott 1985)

One day a wagon train of settlers came through the canyon. They stopped at Mill Fork and asked permission to bury their dead. An epidemic had gone through the train and really taken its toll. These graves were marked with small wooden crosses. (by Douglas Atwood 1970's)

Around 1935 a ferocious flood swept down the canyon above the cemetery, washing the markers and many of the graves away. The debris littered the flatland below. When Dad received word of the destruction, our family traveled to Mill Fork and met Uncle Roy, Dad's older brother, and family. We camped under a big cottonwood tree next to the cemetery, until the cemetery was restored. The two brothers replaced the coffins and remains, back to the grave site, as well as possible. These were the graves of the wagon train. Our graves, with granite markers, were damaged but left on site.

About 1965 Uncle Ozzie, and his son Jimmy, replaced the old weather beaten wooden fence with a chain link fence around the family plots.

Salt Lake Tribune - September 6, 1959.



Pathetic stone markers perpetuate the memories of the family cemetery while law now

prohibits home burials. Twelve are buried in this family plot in Spanish Fork Canyon.

## Gravestones Stand Lone Vigil

Special to The Tribune

Spanish Fork Canyon, Utah County—Symbolizing an era gone by, nestled among the hot, dry, rolling mountains of Spanish Fork Canyon, lies a family graveyard, the final resting spot of 12 individuals.

TIME WAS WHEN the "family cemetery" was the trend among the early settlers of Utah. A plot of ground was designated for that purpose, then fenced, and then each of the deceased members of the family were laid to rest there.

But now statutes of law prohibit the family burial ground which was so characteristic of the homesteaders of the west.

FOR THE MOST PART the dates on the headstones in the canyon graveyard are around the turn of the century.

Of the 12 graves in the yard, eight of them are of children, who either died in in-

fancy or in early youth, indicating the hardships of the early settlers who homesteaded the bare hills of Utah.

THE GRAVEYARD IN THE canyon is a desolate place in comparison to the modern cemeteries in the cities and towns of the state.

The ravages of nature have taken their toll. The graves are covered with alkali dust which the wind has deposited, the fence around the yard is brown from weather and the gate, once the stately entrance to the yard, squeaks protest at each opening.

BUT NOW HARDLY a person notices the old graveyard, situated some hundred yards from the main highway through the canyon. But yet, the 12 individuals are still remembered by friends or family as indicated by the wilted flowers in the stained jars near the headstones.

Then in the 1970's Doug Atwood, fenced the wagon train section. He said he put up the fence hoping to restore the cemetery to its original size in remembrance of the wagon train pioneers. Throughout the 1970's, 80's and 90's, Doug has done extensive renovation at the Mill Fork Cemetery, which is very commendable.

He has made it a little spot of heaven on earth. Where all who visit can ponder and enjoy a bygone time in history.,

As I read the poem "High Link Fence" written by Pearl M.Olson, I had a strong feeling that the inspiration for it must have come as she looked upon our little Mill Fork Cemetery.

I would like to pass this heart-warming poem on, in memory of all those who have given such tender loving care to the preservation of the cemetery.

The Elliott history, and that of the Mill Fork Cemetery in Spanish Fork Canyon was submitted by Betty Elliott Hartley, daughter of Elmer Ray and Flossie Annie Barney Elliott. 1993



## HIGH LINK FENCE

No sound is in this country square,  
But quiet throbs as I survey  
The high link fence and sturdy gate  
That keep without the grazing stray.

The fence encloses long-marked graves  
Of early dead who made and heard  
The active life on the hamlet hill,  
Abandoned now to beast and bird.

The high link fence and sturdy gate  
Were not too difficult to buy  
When someone knew and cared enough  
That sleepers here could occupy

Their place upon this silent hill  
Where winds are clean and flowers grow  
Between the shrubs and pale headstones  
That mark the high link-fenced plateau.

—Pearle M. Olsen

Walter A. Atwood & wife Hanna Ellen Chadwick Arwood.

Was another family that was a prominent part of Spanish Fork Canyon. They lived at Mill Fork, Tie Fork, Red Narrows, and Tucker. They had 15 children namely, Deward, Ida, Iliff, Albert, Gordon, Fred, Frank, Edna, Sylvia, Isabell, Inez, Clifton, Thayne, Dorothy, and George Douglas.

In a book "Memories of the Past" by George Douglas Atwood, the 15th child and the only living son in 1993 has depicted his great love of the canyon and of the family there. Three of the girls Sylvia, Isabell and Inez are still living in 1993, and we love them all.

By Delila G. Williams

#### Mill Fork, Utah

By George Douglas Atwood - 1993

My parents Walter A. Atwood, and Hanna Ellen Chadwick Atwood, lived in this great Spanish Fork Canyon before the turn of the century.

I had three sisters and three brothers born in the canyon, one brother was born here in Mill Fork.

Dad's home was on the north side of the highway about one half mile east of the cemetery.

I remember a few houses and a big barn across the river on the large flat. There were three charcoal kilns along the highway west of the cemetery. They cut pinion pine for these kilns. For many miles back in all the mountains you can see the pine tree stumps still standing where the

trees was cut from.

This was a place where the great steam engines took on water, as there was a tall water tower beside the tracks. A reservoir was up in Mill Fork Canyon about one mile and the water was piped down to the water tower, gravity flow.

One of the greatest thrills I can remember as a young boy was Decoration Day - Mother spent days making paper flowers for each of the graves at Mill Fork. She would let us kids gather wild flowers to put on the graves also. She always put them in quart fruit jars, and filled them with water from the small stream that comes out of Water Hollow. We always rounded up the graves and dressed them up real nice.

Mother was raised on a small ranch about two and one half mile east, up the canyon from Mill Fork. It was a small 2 or 3 room home setting by the river. Mother said everyone called it the "Dog Ranch" as Grandpa took in all stray dogs.

The school house down by Sheep Creek was burned down by my cousin Houge Atwood. Mother said he set it afire and watched it burn. She said he hated school that bad.

After Father died Mother asked me if I would take care of the cemetery, and I told her I would.

I have a grandfather, grandmother, two brothers, an Uncle and Aunt, and two cousins, burried in the Atwood part, which is the northeast section.

There used to be a picket fence around the complete



cemetery until one summer day, my Uncle Bert Chadwick set some tumble weeds on fire and it burned most of the picket fence.

After the Elliott's put up their part of the chain link fence, we followed suit and did the same. Mother's brother Dowe Chadwick, and our family helped in putting it up.

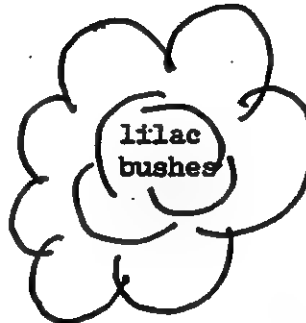
Many of the older people complained of the steep climb to the cemetery and no place to set and catch their breath. I put in two benches for the weary. Tie stairs were put in to make it easier for pople to climb.

The Highway Dept. brought in a front end loader and cleaned out the wash above the cemetry. This was done so the floods wouldn't wash through the cemetery as it had done years ago. They also graded our road and put black top on it.

My grandson Brett Atwood, under the direction of my son Ronald Atwood (Scout Master) put the new chain link fence around the west section. This was a project to earn his Eagle Award.

It is a lonely place, but a peaceful place. As I do work up there I have feelings that I'm being observed by those departed souls. It makes me feel good doing things for them.

The spring of 1993, just before Decoration Day, My cousin Ruth Chadwick Griffiths, and I bought our grandfather Aaron Chadwick, our Uncle Paris Ballard, and his wife Aunt Viola Chadwick Ballard, each a headstone. We were so happy to



IDA VIOLA C. BALLARD  
B. 1890  
D. 1919

PARIS BALLARD  
B. 1881  
D. 1919

CLIVE F. LADAM  
B. 1 AUG. 1914  
D. 6 AUG. 1914

IDA VIOLA CHADWICK  
B. 1857  
D. 1919

PHILEX CHADWICK  
B. 1894  
D. 1895

AARON CHADWICK  
B. 1854  
D. 1926

DURWARD ATWOOD  
B. 25 AUG. 1900  
D. 14 SEPT. 1900

THAYNE A. ATWOOD  
B. 1921  
D. 1924

Wagon Train Section

UNKNOWN NAMES

13-14 travelers killed in  
Indian massacre buried here.

MARY M. ELLIOTT  
B. 22 JUNE 1902  
D. 23 JUNE 1902

MARY E. JENSEN  
B. 17 JAN. 1903  
D. 17 JAN. 1903

CLARA L. ELLIOTT  
B. 1 OCT. 1898  
D. 25 JUNE 1902

MYRTLE ELLIOTT  
B. 26 MAR. 1896  
D. 31 MAY 1905

EDSON W. ELLIOTT  
B. 4 MAR. 1858  
D. 6 OCT. 1908

gate

gate

gate

ELLIOTT SECTION



## Scouts build fence at old cemetery

On August 1st the scouts and some of their fathers helped four boys work on their Eagle projects. Bret Atwood, Doug Nelson, Jessie and Brian Dodds are the ones working on their Eagles.

The projects were at the Mill Fork Pioneer Cemetery up Spanish Fork Canyon. One project was to fence in an old part of the cemetery where some unmarked graves of small children were buried.

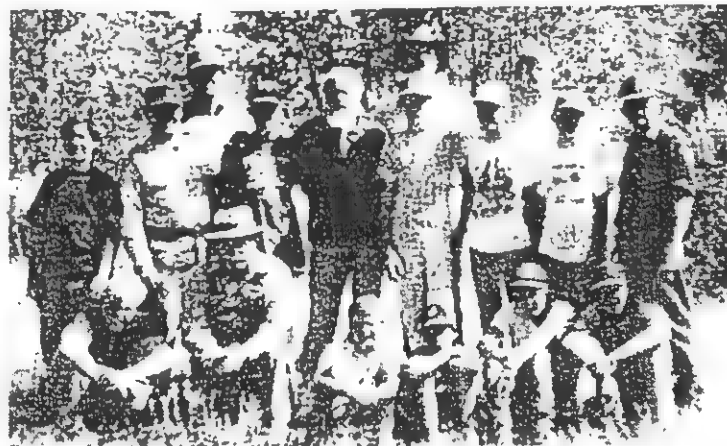
Another project was to rock a wash behind the cemetery so it would not wash out the cemetery.

Another project was to build a walk way from the front of the cemetery to the new fenced in part and the fourth one was to finish off

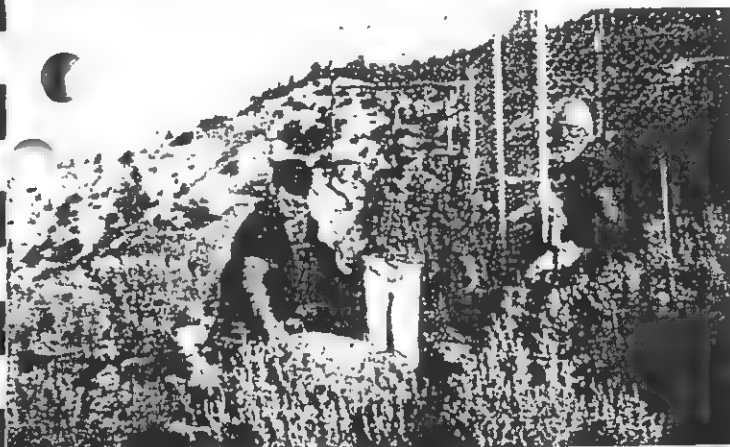
an old wash so it would drain away from the walk way that lead to the cemetery and re-rock the original walk way.

With all the help and support of everybody they were able to finish all the projects.

The other boys from the troop that went and helped were Scott Griggs, Chris Maxwell, Jessie Kovatch, Jayson Dodds, Jayson Forbush, and a friend Brad Tiffey. Leaders were Ron Atwood, Scoutmaster; Jim Griggs, Assistant Scoutmaster; Gale Holt, Bishopric Advisor; Doug Atwood, Caretaker. Fathers that helped were Rand Maxwell, Allen Dodds, and Bill Williams, a friend.



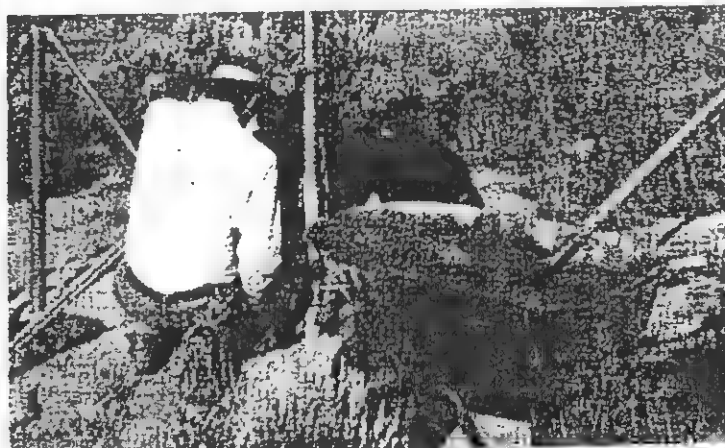
Participating in the activity were, front row: Brad Tiffey, Doug Atwood, Brian Dodds, Jason Forbush and Jayson Dodds. Back row: Scott Griggs, Jim Griggs, Bill Evans, Bret Atwood, Ron Atwood, Rand Maxwell, Chris Maxwell, Doug Nelson, Alton Dodds, Jessie Kovatch and Gale Holt.



Working on the new walk way around the cemetery are Scoutmaster Ron Atwood, Assistant Scoutmaster Jim Griggs, Chris Maxwell and Doug Nelson.



Doug Atwood is the grandfather of Bret A. Atwood and he helped to provide the Eagle project.



Installing post for new fence are Rand Maxwell, Jim Griggs and Bill Evans



Resting on a rock in the wash are Brad Tiffey, Alton Dodds and Jayson Dodds.



## "Round the Town"

by B. Davis Evans

To me, Labor Day is one of the saddest days of the year. It means that summer is practically over and the picnics, hikes and sleeping out under the stars must be postponed for another year. Between Labor Day and the first snow fall, the earth seems to be in a quiet state of waiting until Old Man Winter takes her in his icy grip. It's a time when nature seems to have a death rattle in her throat.

So, I, as a rule, stroll through the hill country east of town, realizing that I may not have another opportunity to do so until spring comes again.

Labor Day, 1973 was warm and inviting so before sundown I found myself high in the hills of Spanish Fork Canyon. I was near a spot that was called "Mill Fork" when I was a lad. It was then nothing but a few frame homes scattered along the D and RG Rail Road Track plus a huge water tank. I suppose the dwellings were the homes of railroad workers, ranchers etc. It was located about eight miles east of This.

There is nothing left of Mill Fork now; one would never know that a settlement existed there, but all towns bury their dead and I had heard of a cemetery on the hillside to the north of Mill Fork so after some searching, I found it.

It's a lonely little cemetery, located on the barren hillside to the north, where for one half century, the people of the area buried their dead, but in spite

of the fact that the last body was laid to rest in that cemetery was in 1924, the little patch of earth is not neglected, a chain link wire fence surrounds the cluster of graves; most of the graves have stone markers and a cement monument has been built just outside the enclosure bearing the names of families who have members buried there. Lilac bushes grow majestically among the graves and a flower we called flags (iris) can be seen still surviving the throes of the elements.

So today I wish to honor two good people of our town who have expended their time and energy to bring a little cemetery back into existence; it could have been so easily lost in the undergrowth, but Mr. and Mrs. George D. Atwood of 980 North 300 East have restored it and it shall not be lost or forgotten at least in our life times.

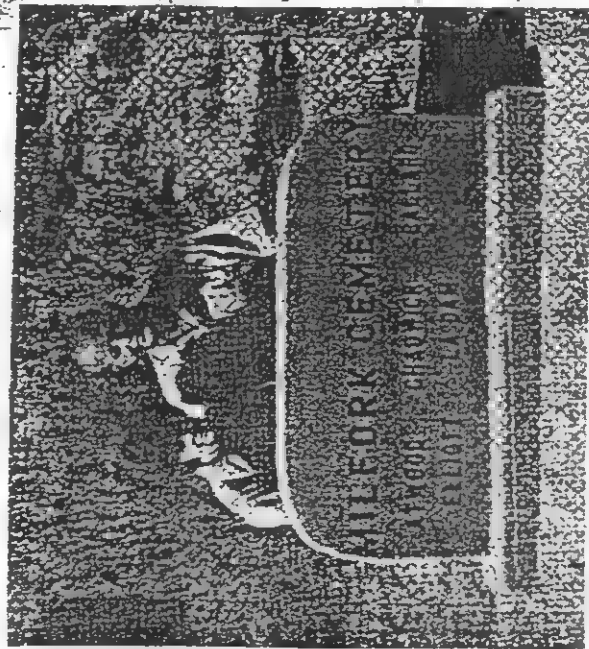
Someone said: "The degree to which a people honor their dead determines the degree of civilization of that people."

And so, as the Atwoods' think of the work they have accomplished in the Mill Fork Cemetery, they can whisper: "Summer sunshine kindly here. Gentle breeze blow softly here. Mother earth above, lie light, lie light."

Good night, my dears, good night. And so as I slowly walked back down the mountain side to my modern car to travel home on a modern highway, I pondered on the lives of the people who slumbered there. How tough life must have been in the obtaining a living from that barren rocky ground.

The little cemetery on the hill near Mill Fork had made my Labor Day 1973 worthwhile.

A lonely cemetery on a lonely hill.



A monument built by Mr. Atwood in memory of members of five families; Atwood, Chadwick, Ballard, Elliott, and La Darn. Mr. and Mrs. George D. Atwood at rear of cemetery made monument.

## Mill Fork cemetery restored

by B. Davis Evans

Last week in my column "Round the Town," I paid tribute to two Spanish Fork people who had devoted much time and energy in the restoring of the Mill Fork Cemetery. I failed to accompany the column with pictures of that sacred spot of ground, and the

do this after 68 years.

### "DECORATION DAY - THE OLD FASHIONED WAY"

A day set aside to honor our dead.  
no store bought flowers, but home made instead.  
Mother worked for hours to make paper ones,  
to watch her do this was so much fun.

She twisted and turned it...and out came a rose,  
all different, bright colors, a sight to behold.  
Made of crepe paper she bought from the store,  
wire for the stems, and a small paper core.

She scraped the petals to make them curl up,  
then turned out a rose as big as a cup.  
She arranged and made some beautiful bouquets,  
to put on each grave for a colorful display.

I used to watch her as she made these paper flowers,  
she never seemed to tire, but worked at it for hours.  
A fascination I had, as they looked so real..  
she always seemed to work with so much zeal.

Us kids hunted the hills for all kinds of flowers,  
the fun we all had, staying at it for hours.  
We gathered wild roses, and sunflowers too..  
and others with no names, we inserted a few.

No more are they made as sweet Mother did,  
but grown in gardens, or store bought instead.  
An art has been lost..and it makes me so sad,  
but to see how she made them makes me feel glad.

-- Doug Atwood--

### Parents of Ellen Chadwick Atwood



Aaron  
&  
Ida Viola  
Chadwick



The Walter Atwood Family  
 Back: Clifton, Frank, Fred, Albert, Iliff. Middle: Dorothy  
 Inez, Isabell, Sylvia, Edna. Front: Douglas, Mother Ellen,

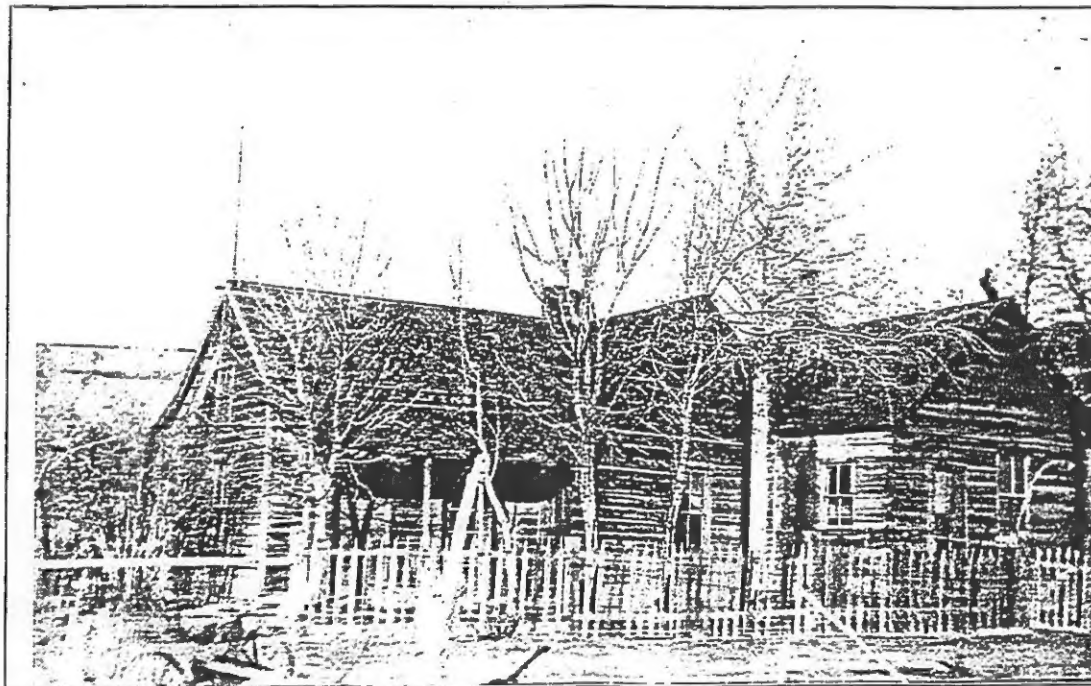
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Tie Fork was named for the railroad ties that were taken from that area to build the D.& R.G. Railroad. The canyon extends up to west canyon, Drunkards, drained from the east, then Soberville adjoining west.

Next is Mud Hollow, drains from the east, where there is an ozocerite mine which is a waxy mixture of natural hydrocarbons, sometimes accuring in sandstone. It is natural paraffins used in making candles, electrical installations also. There is Partridge, Baker, Corral, Timber and Chicken Hollow canyons.

In the mouth of Tie Fork is a lithograph mine. Lithography was the art of process of producing a picture, writing or the like on a flat , specially prepared stone, and of taking ink impressions from this as in ordinary writing or printing. A similar process in which a substance other than stone as aluminum or zink, is used.



William T. Williams Ranch House

## An Encounter With a Bear

In about 1928, a group of men were hunting up Tie Fork in a side canyon called Soberville. Years before, a group were getting out lumber for the Rio Grande Railroad. One side of the canyon was called Drunkards. The story was that a group of men became drunk, then went on the other side of the mountain to sober up, hence the names Drunkard and Soberville stuck.

On this particular day, George Slater, Allen Williams, Elmer Boyack, Clark Williams and Uncle Alma Powell were hunting. Allen was on the south side of the canyon on the ridge, riding a horse through the choke cherries, timber, and spruce trees. During the drive, he jumped a black bear and the bear ran down a small draw toward Soberville. Elmer Boyack was near the bottom of the canyon and could see the south side where he spotted the bear. He saw Uncle Alma and the bear coming down the mountain, so he yelled to Uncle Alma, "Would you like a shot at a bear, Alma?."

Uncle Alma answered, "Yes, I'd like a shot at a bear,"

Alma looked up and saw the bear coming, so he opened



